



The signs of the close of the season are beginning to manifest themselves. Indoor amusements will soon give way to bicycle parties and moonlight rides—"as soon as the weather settles." The spring theatrical season will be a light one, although theatre-goers will no doubt stand ready to live up to that old maxim of ours—that we take things when they come—and are thankful. Many of the people who are known as "the regular patrons of the theatre," are active members of the Country club, and this will be an important rival when the nights are warm. The end of the season does not come suddenly in Salt Lake. Attractions simply become fewer and fewer, and by way of compensation, we receive the best at the tag end.

Petchnikoff and Hambourg, the celebrated pianist and violinist, are to come to us early next month. John Drew, Nat Goodwin and Henry Miller will each pay us a flying visit before Mr. Pyper mails his mosquito netting over the doors for the summer, and no doubt we will consider them well worth waiting for. At any rate, now that we know they are coming, we will keep up our theatrical appetite for them. It will be a notable ending, and the "regular patrons" ought to be on hand to the last.

The visit of Petchnikoff and Hambourg will be one of the most notable

events of this or any other season, and people should turn out in a body to show their appreciation of the good work Manager Pyper is doing. Musicians and music-loving people have long wished for high class concerts at the Salt Lake theatre, and Mr. Pyper, through his own individual efforts, has at last brought it about. He should be encouraged to continue, in the only way that counts.

Over at the Grand, the signs of a waning season are very much in evidence, with the bare up for the whole of the coming week. Manager Mulvey says that there is nothing special in sight just now, but he has no intention of closing his house, and will look anything worthy, as it often is.



MARK HAMBURG, PIANIST.

Far Off in Australia. Nance O'Neill, in whom Salt Lake takes such a great interest, is making the critics say the most extravagant things in her praise. In fact, if she stays there long, they will be forced to invent a new supply of adjectives. She is giving the same repertoire as Salt Lake saw—"The Jewess," "Maggie," "Carmilla," and "Peg Woffington," thus far. Many of the same players are with her, and Mr. Rankin appears oftener than he did while here.

O'Neill seems to sweep all before her, just as she always has done, and it is true that she has a great future before her. She seems to be catching up to the greatness at a rapid rate. Her admirers here will be glad to learn that a week has been booked for her at the Salt Lake theatre the beginning of next season.

#### "The Evil Eye."

One of the most successful attractions upon the road this season is Charles H. Yale's latest and greatest production, "The Evil Eye," or the Many Merry Mishaps of Nid and the

English pantomimists, acrobats and gymnasts, Roscoe & Elliott, brought to the country especially to play the mischievous Nid and Nod; and many others, all fun-makers of the most pronounced type.

This attraction will be at the Salt Lake theatre on Thursday night only.

#### Petchnikoff and Hambourg.

Alexander Petchnikoff is one of the foremost musical phenomena of Europe. He has received the highest honorarium ever paid to an artist for a single performance in Germany. The Berlin and other European papers report him as a marvel of a violinist, one of those rare artists who combine the highest developed technical skill with a temperament and poetic phantasy that ennoble his performances and makes them ineffable. His American tour promises to be the sensation of the season.

Giacomo Minkowski, the well known composer of "The Snugglers," has this to say of Petchnikoff, in the Journal of Feb. 8: "The principal attraction at this concert was the Russian violinist, Petchnikoff. In view of the fact that Petchnikoff's standing in his native land is fully as high as Paderewski's in Poland—really higher, because the violin is more loved in those countries than the piano—I shall expect soon to hear that he has become a rival idol of the ladies. Yesterday Petchnikoff, entranced, those who heard him, in his languid way—Petchnikoff is to his violin what the Cossack is to his horse—he appealed directly to the heart of his auditors, while charming their intelligence with technique equal to Sarasate's. His tone more nearly resembles Joachim's than does that of any other violinist now before the public."

Of Hambourg, the pianist, the Cincinnati Tribune had the following to say:

"Hambourg not only has a technique which is fairly ravishing in its proportions, but he has the soul of a musician—that which is generally known as the divine spark. He plays with abandon and a passion that glows and increases and occasionally bursts into flame. Yet, with all this temperament, this inward feeling for passionate delivery, he commands admirable self-repossession. He never forgets the duties of the musician. His interpretations are in the lines of the traditional. He has a reverence for the past, and while he is thoroughly individual, he subjects his ideas to the directions of the composer. In this way his conceptions are always musically and scholarly."

#### Stage Names on Cigars.

Some one has discovered that there is a peculiar harbinger of future obscurity hovering over the doubtful honor of having a cigar named after you, if you happen to be a stage player. Jessie Bartlett Davis was stung with perfect happiness four years ago when she received a box of



Petchnikoff, Violinist.

perfectos bearing her name on the cover—and now she is in retirement. Robert Mantell thought it an excellent advertising device to have his portrait posted in every cigar and news stand of the country as the trade mark of a cigar, but now he is certainly on the decline, and is successful only in small cities. Agnes Booth also had her name on a cigar wrapper, and now she is in retirement in Boston. Gillian Russell made up her mind to have a cigar named after her—and behold, she is now a burlesque actress at Weber & Field's music hall, and the country sees her no more. About the only exception to this melancholy list is Nathaniel C. Goodwin, whose portrait illuminates many a dusky tobacco shop as an advertisement of cigars. Nat has reached such a period of popularity and prosperity that he is enabled to play to full houses at advanced prices.

#### A Marriage Bureau.

(San Francisco Chronicle.) "What my company needs, and needs badly," said Frank Daniels the other day, "is an antidote for the wedding fever. There have been antidotes for hydrophobia, consumption, mumps and next-morning heads, but if there has been any for the wedding fever I don't know it. It has been playing the old Harry with my company. It first appeared five years ago, and it has been growing worse every season. Five years ago four of my prettiest girls were married. Four years ago five followed suit. Three years ago seven joined the wedded crowd. Two years ago three were eight. Last season, when we traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Portland, Me., to San Diego, Cal., we distributed no less than eleven beauties over the country. This year I hoped that the fever had expended itself, but before rehearsals were over for the first performance two of the girls got married. One of them stayed in the company, so it wasn't so bad. But it was a warning, and I was up my mind to do something to check the fever—nip it in the bud, so to speak. And I announced that if any girl who became engaged would postpone the wedding until after the close of the season, I would make her a present of a trousseau. All promised, and I flattered myself that I was the savior of rank, as it were."

"But bless you, what is a promise or a trousseau to a girl with the wedding fever? Five have broken their promises and thrown away the trousseau since then. And I hope that there is another girl who has the symptoms. Other companies don't seem to suffer so. It is awfully annoying, however, and I don't want to see the rest of the chorus, for when a girl marries and quits another girl has to be engaged and rehearsed for her place. If some of the girls who have married from my company would only get a divorce to show that they are not happy, as they thought they'd be, it might serve as an example. But of all the many who have married in the past five years not one has been divorced. Nor is that all. They all make a point to continually write to their old friends in the company saying how happy they are."

#### A Ghastly Scene.

(New York World.) A new melodrama called "Dangerous Women," which was presented last week at the Star Theatre, has the honor of containing the ghastliest and most uncanny scene of the season.

The stage represents an underground funeral vault or crypt, with grating and damp walls dimly outlined in the semi-obscurity. A single shaft of calcium light falls upon a black wooden coffin with nickel-plated handles, which rests upon a low platform and is allowed to occupy the stage alone for some moments in silence and solitude.

Then a young madman enters stealthily with a black cloak about him, and a terrifying expression upon his face. He is a doctor, haunted by a great idea of bringing the dead to life by means of an elixir, so they may testify to his sanity. He has come down to the coffin in the vault to try his experiment on the corpse of Lady So and so, which is supposed to have been lying there for generations. He holds up his lantern and peers through the glass top of the coffin. Then he uncovers the lid and removes the body.

He mutters and gesticulates to himself and then applies his elixir to the lips of the prostrate body. But by one

of those mysterious coincidences, this very coffin was selected by the villainess as the proper place to stow away the wrangled and lovely heroine after she had been chloroformed. It so happens, therefore, that when the madman removes the lid the heroine is just returning to consciousness. She rises up in a sitting posture and beholds a lunatic glaring at her with wild eyes amid the surrounding gloom.

#### AT A GLANCE.

Blanche Walsh may remain abroad a year before returning to the stage.

Hugh J. Ward has signed a contract to remain another year in Australia.

Alice Neilson will spend the coming season on her ranch in northern California.

Scores and his musicians, numbering sixty-one in all, will leave for Europe in a few days.

Louis N. Parker is to translate Rosamond's "Laigdon" into English, for the use of Maude Adams.

No less than ten benefit performances are in prospect in New York for various deserving players.

Charles Frohman has a new playhouse in London, which will probably be called the King's theatre.

Viola Allen has a new play by Leo Deltrichstein, as yet unnamed, which she will shortly produce in Chicago.

May Irwin will have a new farce for next season by George V. Hobart. It will be called "Mrs. Black Is Back."

"Tommy" Russell, one of the original Fauntleroyes, is a brother of Annie Russell, who bitterly opposed his stage career.

Richard Mansfield has been suffering from an attack of acute laryngitis, and was obliged to cancel a week's engagement.

Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith have settled their differences, and will write a new opera for Alice Neilson next season.

A vaudeville company made up of twenty-five women and twelve men left Seattle last week for the Cape Nome gold fields.

Miss Carrie Bridwell, sister of Kate Bridwell-Anderson of this city, has signed for three years with the Maurice Grau Opera company.

Ada Rohan has written an introduction for "The Players' Edition" of "The Merchant of Venice," just published in New York by Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Way Down East" will close in New York on May 12, after a run of 436 nights. The entire production will be transported to Chicago, where it opens Aug. 19, for a run at McVicker's.

William H. Crane produced "David Harum" two weeks ago at Rochester, N. Y. One of his friends there told him that he "hoped David would make as big a hit with the public as he did with God."

#### "DINKY" AND HAY.

The German Finds "Little Breches" Busily "Secretarying." (New York Journal.)

Ach himmel! Dink is such a hoarse-ness in der vordis vich I am now using in my voice.

Der reason my vords vas so thin and pale is because I haf been goner-versation mit Chon Hay, und I haf contracted an English accent on my lankvich, py Chose, alreidy, yet!

Chon Hay is vun of der oldest college chumps vot I haf, and he is now secretarying in der state department ven he is not under-vice engaged mit sing-

ing "Rule Britannia" und udder English rag-time melodies.

"Wei gets, Chon!" I set, ven I vent in vare Chon vas secretarying.

"Dare is a strangeness aboud your appearance vich makes you unknown to me," set Chon, looking ouid der vindow to see if dare vas a nice vet fog in der atmosphere.

"Vell, Chon," I set, "I am avare dot you haf an operation performed on your memory vich you vas in London, bud I vas unter der imbrusion dot you vas reo-covering. Perhaps der reason vy you do nog recollection me is because I haf left my monicle ad home. My life is using my monicle today to vatch der baby to see dot he doand swallow id."

"Vot is der pitzness dot you haf mit me, uf you please, py Chovel!" set Chon, rolling up his eyes und his trouserings mit der same movement.

"Vell," I set, "I vanted to inquire how in my old college chump, Albert Edward, vas Eddie vell ven you recieffed der last postal cart from him, yes?"

"Py Chove, Dunnervetter!" set Chon; "sid down! Sid down! I vil be delightfully to speak mit you aboud my dear friend Albert. Vot is der name you vas fastened behind, please?"

"Diederich Dinkelshiel is der name I haf been vearing efer since I can recollect der name, bowing as low as my stoutness vould admission me."

"Der name has a goot old English sound to itself, und I velcome you to der past vure I am now secretarying."

Set Chon, nuding der English on a high ball so dot id caromed efer in my direction. "Ven you speak der name of Albert Edward id is to me der pass-vord dot lets you into my confidential."

Before you go I vish to show you a phittograph vich I haf taken mit me und Albert Eddie pudding rubber shoes on der eagle bird der freedom. Id is a work of art, because der prince is laughing, und der sleeve vot he makes der laughing in is der latest English style. Haf you been long efer in dis country, yes?"

"I haf been here for numerous years, und I haf always admirationed der poeticals vich you vrote before you knew der prince vell enough to be ashamed of your weres." I set, "Dare is vun poeticals vich made a deeb imbrusion on me, Chon. Id is der vun vich id says:

"Und I hold der snozzle against der bank Till der galoshes valk ashore!"

"Vall!" set Chon, "you haf not made der correct translation. Id is: 'I vil hold der snozzle against der bank till der last galosh is ashore.'"

"Vell," I set, "der sentiment is der same in both cases, und you deserf a great deal of sympathy because you thought of id. Bud, ach himmel, vot a admiration I haf for dot udder poeticals vich you wroded aboud der leetle true!"

"Leetle breatches, uf you please!" set Chon; "dot is der English vay to speak id und der only vay. But vy should we speak aboud der crimes vich I contracted in my youthful childhood? Der prince has forgiven me, und by gedding a large salary in politics I haf taken der gold cure for der poetical habit, und all is vell dot ends a goot deal better."

"I suppositions you haf a great many Americans drop in here to vatch you secretarying?" I made der question.

"A great many drop in to vatch me dot call demselves Americans," set Chon; "bud dey nefer roll up der trouserings ad der bodoms, und dey nefer say 'Ich dien!' ven dey light a cigaroot, und dey make udder social blunders dot annoys me extremely, py Chovel! Der only Americans dot I fawncy is der vuns dot can show kodak pictures of der forefathers eating egg samviches on Plymouth Rock. Dem is der real ding, Dinky! der real ding!"

I did not vish to exposure der carelessness of my forefathers, so I explained to Chon dot I haf left all my kodak pictures at home mit der monicle. Den Chon set he vould took my vord for id because my face looked like a Englishler, und den he vent to vork secretarying, und ver separation.

D. DINKELSPIEL.

Per George V. Hobart.

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